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March of the Men of Harlech.

The Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.

Harmonized by JOSEPH BARNBY.

[London : NOVELLO & CO., 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 35, Poultry.]

TREBLE.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steepes and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

ALTO,
or 2nd
TREBLE.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steepes and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

TENOR,
(Sve. lower.)

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steepes and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

BASS.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low,
2. Rock-y steepes and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row,

ACCOMP.

Wave on wave that surging follow, Bat-tle's distant sound? 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Who would think of death or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing horseman o-ver!

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Who would think of death or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now! Hurl the reel-ing horseman o-ver!

Saxon spearmen, Sax-on bowmen,—Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the
Let the earth dead foemen co-ver ! Fate of friend, of wife, of lo-ver Trem- bles on a

Sax-on spearmen, Sax-on bowmen,—Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the
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Saxon spearmen, Sax-on bowmen,—Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen, They shall bite the
Let the earth dead foemen co-ver ! Fate of friend, of wife, of lo-ver Trem- bles on a

ground ! Loose the folds a - sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der ! The pla - cid sky now
blow ! Strands of life are ri-ven ; Blow for blow is gi-ven, In dead - ly lock, or

ground ! Loose the folds a - sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der ! The pla - cid sky now
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blow ! Strands of life are ri-ven ; Blow for blow is gi-ven, In dead - ly lock, or

bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to hea-ven! Men of Har-lech! young or hoa-ry,

bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der! On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us!
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bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to hea-ven! Men of Har-lech! young or hoa-ry,

He is bravest, he who leads us! Honour's self now proudly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
Would you win a name in sto-ry? Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

He is bravest, he who leads us! Honour's self now proudly heads us! Cambria, God, and Right!
Would you win a name in sto-ry? Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Cambria, God, and Right!

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